

ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

10¢

GOLDEN
COMICS

NO...NO...THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!
CAN'T YOU GET IT INTO YOUR HEADS--THAT
I'M NOT JULIUS
CAESAR?

WAS JULIUS CAESAR REALLY
ALIVE--IN THE PERSON OF
TONY BLAKE? READ THIS
EXCITING STORY--
"BEWARE the IDES of MARCH!"



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Order now! If you are not 100% delighted with this super-super-sonic thriller after 10 Days Free Trial, return it for full refund of your purchase price.

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Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus postage.

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Automatic Firing Tripod Machine Gun

IT'S MAGAZINE FED—SWIVELS IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

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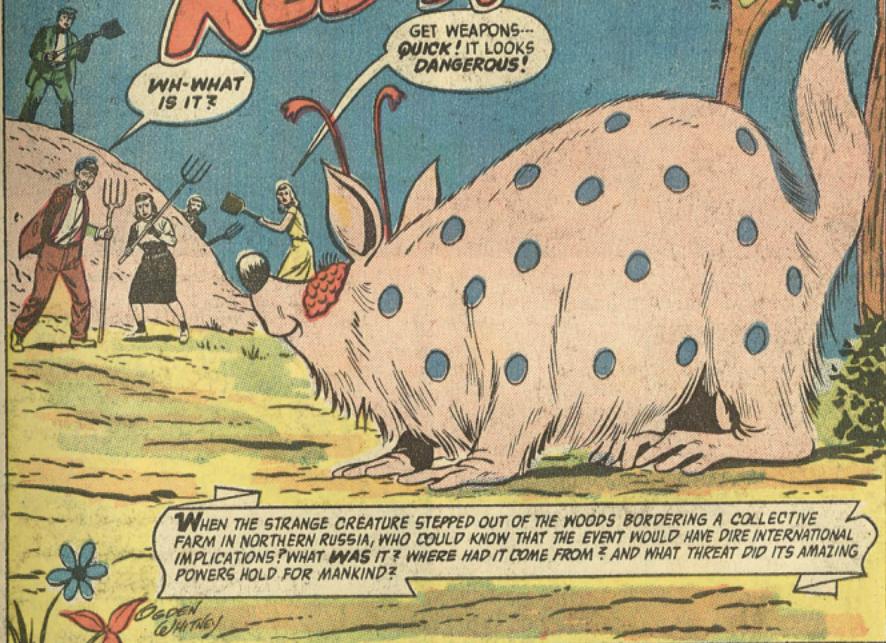
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Robie AND RED RUSSIA!



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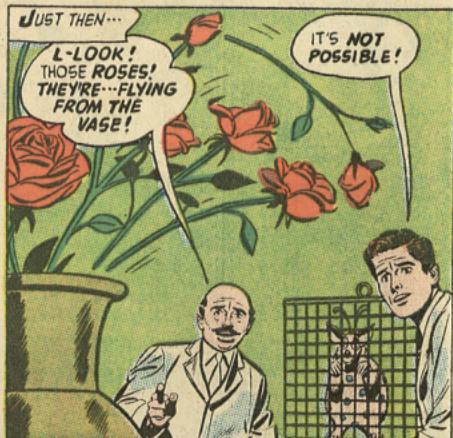
BUT THE CREATURE PROVED QUITE TAME AND WAS SOON MADE A PET! WHEN IT WAS BROUGHT TO THE HEAD OF THE FARM...



TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE CENTRAL ZOOLOGICAL AGENCY IN MOSCOW...



VANYA TCHEKOV, YOUNG ANIMAL EXPERT, WAS PLACED IN CHARGE OF THE CREATURE. HE SET ABOUT THE TASK OF STUDYING IT METHODICALLY...



GENTLY THE ROSES WAFED THROUGH THE AIR, DRAWN IRRESISTIBLY TO THE CASE...



WITHIN MOMENTS THE FLOWERS WERE DEVOURED...



AT HOME THAT NIGHT, YOUNG VANYA TCHEKOV SPOKE OF ONLY ONE THING...



THOUGH THE SCIENTISTS TRIED VARYING ITS DIET WITH OTHER FLOWERS, THE CREATURE ATE ONLY ROSES! WITHIN A FEW DAYS, A STARTLING DISCOVERY WAS MADE...



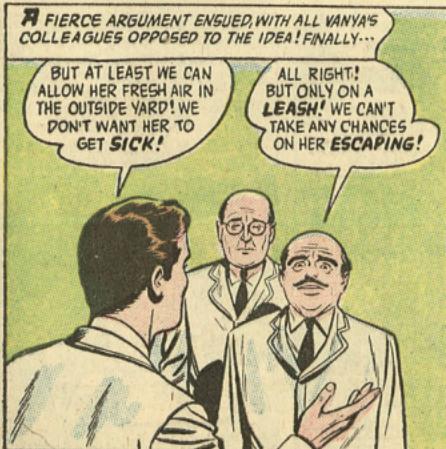
HASTILY, A CONFERENCE OF IMPORTANT POLITICAL FIGURES AND SCIENTISTS WAS CALLED...



YOU HAVE THE WRONG ATTITUDE, COMRADE TCHEKOV! I ADVISE YOU TO STICK TO YOUR SCIENTIFIC WORK AND LEAVE POLITICS TO US!



ROSIE'S VOCABULARY GREW SWIFTLY, AND WITHIN AN ASTONISHINGLY SHORT TIME...



WITH A SUDDEN LUNGE, THE FIERCE DOGS BROKE FREE AND BOUNDED WITH BARED FANGS TOWARD ROSIE...



BUT WHEN THE HOUNDS WERE WITHIN A FEW STEPS OF THEIR PREY, THEY SUDDENLY STOPPED DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS...



Then, INEXPICABLY---



**AMAZING!
THEY WERE
TERRIFIED
OF ROSIE!**

WITH THE DANGER PAST...



THEY MUST HAVE
DETECTED SOME FIERCE
POWERS OF COMBAT IN
OUR PET WHICH WE DON'T
RECOGNIZE! WILL THESE
WONDERS NEVER
CEASE?

AT MEALTIME...



DO YOU REALIZE
THAT ROSIE IS WORTH
HER WEIGHT IN
GOLD?

SHE DESERVES
TO HAVE A CAGE
OF GOLD!

GOLD...

NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE SCIENTISTS ENTERED THE LAB--AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT GREETED THEM...



WHO CHANGED
THE CAGE? WHY
IS IT GLEAMIN'
SO?

GET A
METALLURGIST
U.S.S. **OMNIUM**

IT WAS QUICKLY DETERMINED THAT NO ONE HAD TAMPERED WITH THE CAGE DURING THE NIGHT--AND WHEN THE METALS EXPERT ARRIVED...



NO DOUBT
ABOUT IT
...IT'S **SOLID**
GOLD!

BUT
NOW

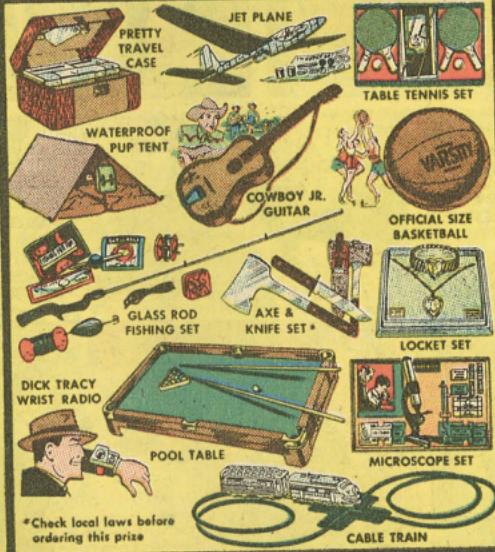
GREAT
HEAVENS, DO YOU
REMEMBER THAT
YESTERDAY WE
WERE SPEAKING
ABOUT GOLD?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

Which of these Prizes Can We Send You?



MANY OTHER NO COST PRIZES



You can have any one of these wonderful prizes (shown above) at absolutely no cost to you. They are given without cost for selling just one 30-pack order of American Christmas Cards at 25c a pack. Each pack contains 5 cards and envelopes. Our big prize book sent with your first order of cards shows over 80 NO COST prizes to choose from. Amazingly easy; all you do is mail the coupon, sell your cards, get your prize.

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants these new colorful, high-quality Christmas Cards—they've been sold from coast to coast for 38 years. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors. Many boys and girls sell their cards in one day and get their prize at once. You can, too.

SEND NO MONEY - WE TRUST YOU

Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope. Send no money. Your colorful cards and free prize book will be mailed to you at once. American Specialty Company, Dept. 10, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Our 38th Year

CUT OUT AND MAIL NOW

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Dept. 10, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your big prize book and one 30-pack order of American Christmas Cards. I will sell them at 25c a pack, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name. _____

Address. _____

Town. _____ State. _____



THE STRANGE CONVICTION IN ROSIE'S EYES ALMOST HYPNOTIZED VANYA! SWIFTLY, HE HURRIED HOME...



BRIEF MOMENTS LATER...



NEXT DAY...

HOW DID YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN? IS IT POSSIBLE YOU CAN READ THE FUTURE? WHAT ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

ASK NO QUESTIONS, VANYA... ONLY TRUST ME! THE TRUTH IS, I HAVE POWERS YOU CAN'T EVEN DREAM OF! TELL ME... ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR LOT HERE?

NO, I AM MISERABLE! I WANT TO GET OUT OF RUSSIA... TO WORK IN FREEDOM AND PEACE! I'D BE WILLING TO LIVE ANYWHERE... IF ONLY I HAD MY BELOVED WIFE WITH ME!

I WILL GIVE THE MATTER THOUGHT. MY FRIEND... MEANWHILE, BE CAREFUL!



THAT NIGHT, THERE WAS A LATE CONFERENCE IN THE KREMLIN ITSELF...

THIS CREATURE CAN ENABLE US TO CONQUER THE WORLD! WE MUST BRING IT HERE... FOR SAFEKEEPING... WHERE THE ENEMIES OF RUSSIA CANNOT HARM IT!

CORRECT! WE MUST ALSO GET THIS VANYA TCHEKOV OUT OF THE WAY. HE THINKS TOO MUCH!

EVENTS MOVED SWIFTLY! WITHIN THE HOUR...

NO, LET HIM GO! HE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING!

HE HAS BEEN ACCUSED OF DEVOTIONISM! WE HAVE OUR ORDERS!

AT THE SAME TIME, ROSIE WAS SHIPPED TO THE KREMLIN AND PLACED IN A LARGE, POWERFUL CAGE UNDER CONSTANT GUARD...

THE ANIMAL DOESN'T LOOK VERY VALUABLE, DOES IT?

PERHAPS NOT, BUT IT IS THE KEY TO WORLD DOMINATION!



IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, THAT ROSIE SWUNG INTO ACTION! SUDDENLY ONE SIDE OF THE CAGE FELL OVER...



THE GUARDS RUSHED FORWARD, ONLY TO BE TRANSFIGURED WITH A STRANGE STARE! THEY STOOD FROZEN, INCAPABLE OF MOVEMENT...



ROSIE PADDED SWIFTLY ALONG THE MARBLE HALLS AND OUT OF THE KREMLIN, PARALYZING MOMENTARILY ALL OPPOSITION! ALONG THE FROZEN MOSCOW STREETS...



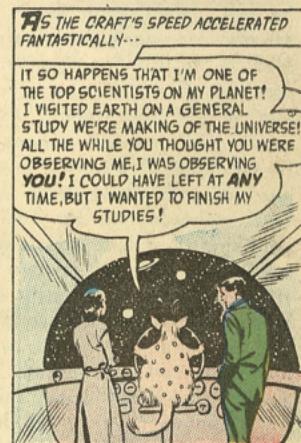
PROCEEDING ON A DIRECT LINE, ROSIE ARRIVED AT THE JAIL WHERE VANYA WAS BEING HELD! PARALYZING ALL RESISTANCE WITH HER STRANGE STARE, VANYA WAS SOON FREED...



WASTING NO TIME, THEY HURRIED TO VANYA'S HOME, WHERE HIS DISTRAUGHT WIFE WAS PICKED UP AND A FEW BELONGINGS HASTILY PACKED...



DEEP INTO THE WOODS THEY WENT, DEEPER, UNTIL FINALLY...



FABULOUS ANIMAL

EVERY scientist, no matter how practical, has somewhere within him some radical theory at which authorities would scoff. In the case of Adam Collier, it was a belief in unicorns. He was convinced that these fabulous horned horses had actually at one time existed, and based his contention on cave pictures, folk lore and old manuscripts which he had collected. And his theory, he felt, might soon serve him in good stead. He was an archeologist on the staff of the Hudson Museum, whose curator, Dr. Farrand, was scheduled to retire in the near future. Adam's record was a good one, and he hoped to succeed to the post of curator. There was only one man in his way, Hugh Joiner, also a staff archeologist. But Adam hoped that publishing his theory concerning unicorns would gain him such renown that the position would automatically become his. So he published it, hopefully awaiting the reaction of the scientific world. It wasn't as he had anticipated. Led by Hugh Joiner, authorities everywhere ridiculed him, heaped scorn upon his research. And there, he felt, went his chance to become curator. The selection of the new museum head would not be made until after its Greek expedition was completed, but Adam Collier now had no hope whatsoever. The expedition was for the purpose of excavating remnants of ancient Greek culture, which it was felt would be found in the mountain wilds. It was led by Dr. Farrand, and two men shared the post of second in command...Adam and Hugh Joiner.

As might be expected, Joiner lost no opportunity for ridiculing Adam for his unicorn theory, hoping thus to solidify his selection as curator in Adam's place. And Adam had no choice but to grit his teeth and take it, because it looked cer-

tain that Hugh Joiner would soon be his next boss. And then came what Adam forever referred to as The Day. Excavation results had so far been disappointing...no traces of ancient Greek culture were to be found in this vicinity. But this day, laborers came upon a collection of animal bones which told a mute, tragic story. The bones of a horse...surrounded by those of wolves. It was the old story...the wolves had hunted down and destroyed the horse. But...what had killed them? How could a horse have defended itself against these deadly marauders? A sudden wild idea tugged at Adam. Refusing to allow the laborers to toss the bones aside and continue their digging, he bent to examine the ancient remains. "Look, Collier," said Joiner, "you may not be much help on this expedition, but that doesn't mean you should hold up progress!"

"These wolves," said Adam slowly, "don't they look as if something...stabbed them? Look how these ribs are scarred!"

"So what?" jeered Joiner. But Adam's wild exclamation closed off further speech. From the rib cavity of one of the wolves, he had extracted something. It was a long, straight, spirally twisted horn. "Let's take a look at that horse's skull!" he gasped.

It was just a regulation skull, except for one thing. From the forehead, something had obviously once projected...some bony structure which had been broken off, and left only a splintered outcropping behind it. "Unicorn!" whispered Dr. Farrand.

The new curator of the Hudson Museum proved the most popular in the history of that fine old institution. Obviously, he was a man who knew what he was talking about. Why shouldn't he...when he was Adam Collier?

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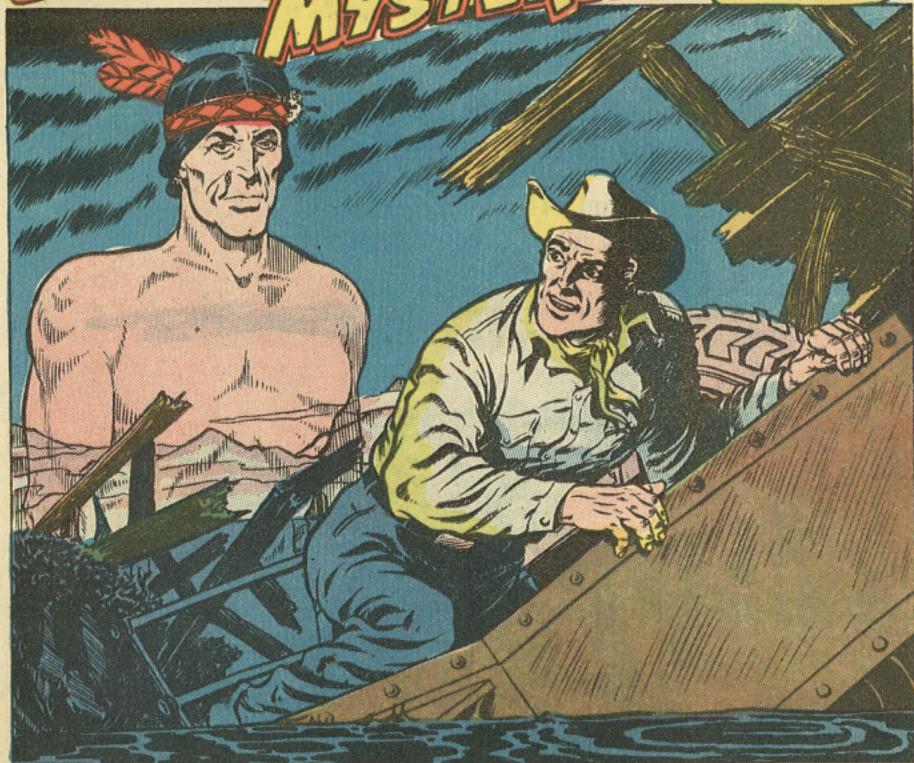
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STATE

NOTE: This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per family.

UNCANNY MYSTERIES

The CASE of
the VANISHING INDIAN!



ED MORRIS WAS A MODERN COWBOY...RIDING THE RANGE IN A JEEP...

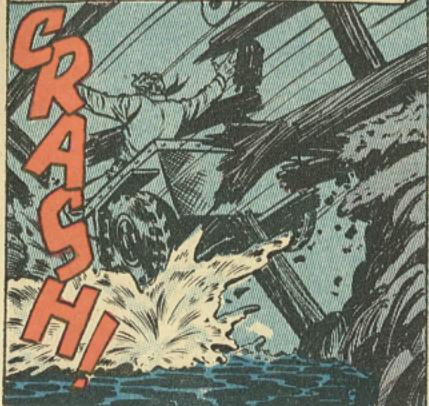
GOSH, I'M LATE GETTIN' BACK TO THE RANCH...AND ON A NEW JOB, TOO! WONDER IF THERE'S ANY SHORT CUT I COULD USE?



I'LL BET THAT BRIDGE'LL SAVE ME MILES! IT LOOKS A LITTLE RICKETY...HOPE IT'LL TAKE THE JEEPS WEIGHT!...AW, SURE IT WILL!



BUT ED WAS A BIT TOO OPTIMISTIC! NO SOONER HAD HE REACHED THE MIDDLE OF THE FRAIL CROSSING WHEN...



THERE WAS NO ESCAPE...HE WAS HOPELESSLY TRAPPED! FUTILE STRUGGLES ONLY BROUGHT THE END NEARER...



THIS WAS NO MODERN INDIAN, IN BLUE JEANS AND SHIRT...HE WAS LIKE A THROWBACK TO A BYGONE CENTURY! BUT HE HAD ARRIVED IN TIME TO SAVE ED MORRIS' LIFE...



WEAKLY, HE THANKED THE BRAVE--NOTING ALMOST SUBCONSCIOUSLY THE MAN'S WITHERED LEFT ARM...



UNHURT, HE FOUND HIMSELF IN THE MOST DEADLY DANGER HE HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED...



THEN SUDDENLY--FROM OUT OF NOWHERE...



SHUDDERING, HE LOOKED FOR A MOMENT TOWARDS THE WATERY GRAVE FROM WHICH HE HAD BEEN RESCUED! HIS GLANCE HAD BEEN AVERTED FOR ONLY AN INSTANT... BUT IN THAT INSTANT THE INDIAN HAD DISAPPEARED!

WHAT THE...! WHERE'D HE GO TO?



WHEN HE TOLD THE STORY TO THE BOYS
BACK AT THE BUNKHOUSE...

BUT IT'S THE
TRUTH,
FELLA'S!
THAT'S
EXACTLY
WHAT
HAPPENED!

SEZ YOU!
WHY, THERE
HASN'T BEEN
AN INJUN IN
THESE PARTS
FOR YEARS!

SURE...AND
THE INJUNS
THERE USED
TO BE WERENT
INTERESTED
IN HELPIN'
WHITE MEN...
ONLY SCALPIN'
'EM!

AND A
DISAPPEARING
INDIAN YET...

SURE
YOU
WERENT
DREAMIN'?

WISE
GUYS!
I'LL
SHOW
'EM
YET!

SATURDAY WAS THE BIG DAY IN
TOWN...BUT ED HAD OTHER THINGS
ON HIS MIND BESIDES ENTERTAINMENT.

BETTER GO ON
WITHOUT ME, BOYS
...I GOT BUSINESS IN
HERE!
IN THE
LIBRARY?
THEY GOT NO
DISAPPEARIN'
INDIANS IN THERE,
PAL!

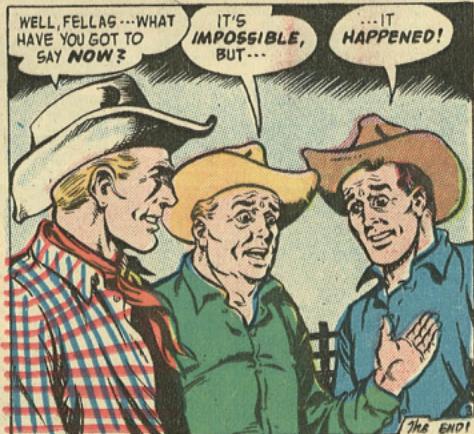
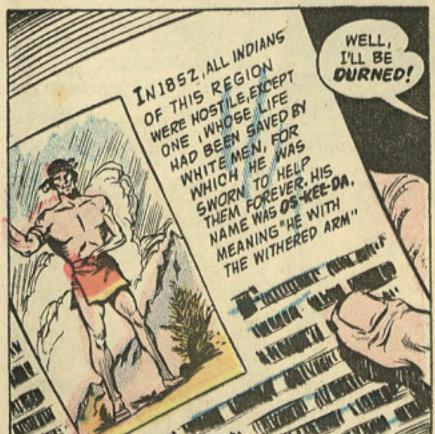
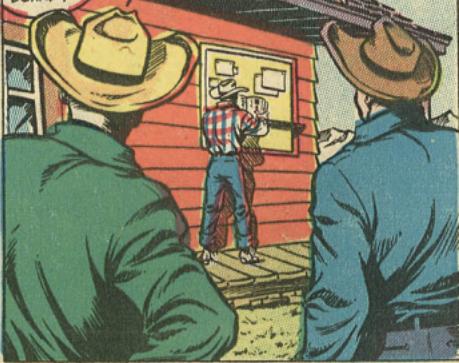


BUT...THEY DID HAVE INDIANS IN THERE...



HEY, WHAT'S ED PUTTIN' UP
ON THE BULLETIN
BOARD?

C'MON, WE'LL
HAVE A LOOK!



THE END!

BEWARE *the* TIDES of MARCH!

THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME IN THESE OLD ROMAN RUINS! BUT WHY DO I KNOW EVERY INCH OF THIS PLACE ...AS IF I ONCE LIVED HERE LONG AGO?

A STRANGE DESTINY SEEMED TO PURSUE TONY BLAKE... A DESTINY HE COULD NOT EVADE! THROUGHOUT HIS STORMY CAREER, THERE HAD BEEN AMAZING EVENTS NO MAN COULD UNDERSTAND...MYSTERIOUS HINTS OF A FAMOUS HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF! FATE HAD TAKEN HIM TO THE HEIGHTS OF POWER...BUT WOULD IT ALSO DEMAND THE SAME GRIM CLIMAX?

IN THE SLUM AREA OF CHICAGO WHERE TONY BLAKE GREW UP, HE WAS THE LEADER OF HIS CROWD...

WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!

I'M TIRED OF
GETTING COMPLAINTS
ABOUT YOU! C'MON
ALONG, TONY!

JUVENILE AUTHORITIES HAD NO SUCCESS IN TRYING TO REFORM HIM...

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TALENTS,
SON! ACTUALLY, YOU'RE A **BORN
LEADER**, AND COULD GO FAR
IF YOU'D USE YOUR ABILITIES
CONSTRUCTIVELY!

THANKS,
MISTER! IT
SOUNDS
GOOD,
ANYWAY!



IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD LOTS WHERE THE YOUNGSTERS PLAYED BALL, HE PROVED HIMSELF A GOOD ATHLETE, BUT CURIOUSLY ACCIDENT-PRONE...

OH-HH!
MY--MY
LEG...



AT THE CITY CLINIC...

THERE YOU ARE, KID... THAT'LL HOLD THE ANKLE! NOW IF YOU'LL JUST WAIT TILL I ENTER THIS ON YOUR RECORD...



LET'S SEE NOW... MARCH 15TH, 1935... SPRAINED ANKLE! HMM, THIS IS AWFULLY FUNNY... THIS IS THE THIRD STRAIGHT YEAR YOU'VE HAD AN ACCIDENT ON MARCH 15TH!

HUH? SAY,
THAT IS
FUNNY!



TONY WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL, TOOK LATIN ONLY BECAUSE IT WAS A REQUIRED COURSE! IT WAS ON THE VERY FIRST DAY IN CLASS THAT AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED...

ANYTHING WRONG, SON? YOU LOOK LIKE SOMETHING STARTLED YOU!

THAT WRITING ON THE BLACKBOARD! I CAN READ IT!



BUT HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE... UNLESS YOU KNOW LATIN?

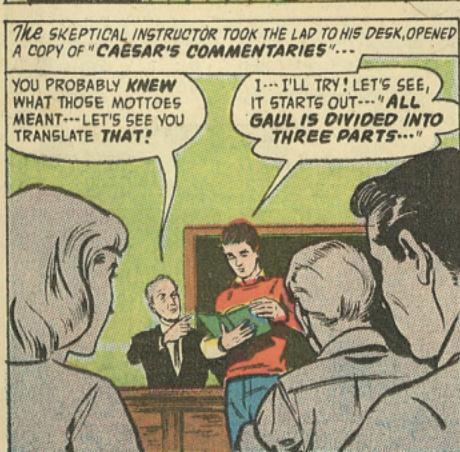
I... I DON'T KNOW... BUT I SEEM TO KNOW WHAT THOSE WORDS MEAN! NON--OMNIS--MORIOR... THAT MEANS 'I SHALL NOT WHOLLY DIE!' AND E PLURIBUS UNUM MEANS 'ONE OUT OF MANY'!"



THE SKEPTICAL INSTRUCTOR TOOK THE LAD TO HIS DESK, OPENED A COPY OF "CAESAR'S COMMENTARIES"...

YOU PROBABLY KNEW WHAT THOSE MOTTOES MEANT--LET'S SEE YOU TRANSLATE THAT!

I--I'LL TRY! LET'S SEE, IT STARTS OUT--"ALL GAUL IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PARTS..."



THE BOY'S TRANSLATION WAS ACCURATE AND SWIFT! STUNNED, THE TEACHER TOOK HIM TO THE PRINCIPAL, WHERE HE WAS PUT TO MORE RIGOROUS TESTS...

IT--IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! HE'S READ CICERO, OVID AND HORACE AS IF THEY WERE ENGLISH! TELL THE TRUTH, SON--WHERE'D YOU LEARN LATIN?

I TELL YOU I NEVER SAW THIS STUFF BEFORE!



THE BAFFLING MYSTERY WAS NEVER EXPLAINED! LATIN PROVED TONY'S FAVORITE SUBJECT, APART FROM ROMAN HISTORY...

AH, WHATCHA GOT YOUR NOSE IN A BOOK FOR? O'MON, WE'RE GETTIN' UP A BALL GAME!

I LIKE READING ABOUT THESE ROMAN BATTLES! I WISH I'D BEEN ALIVE IN THOSE DAYS!

SOON AFTERWARDS, A SECOND EXTRAORDINARY EVENT OCCURRED! THE INSTRUCTOR WAS TELLING THE FAMOUS STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF JULIUS CAESAR...

A SOOTHSAVER HAD WARNED CAESAR TO BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH... AND DESPITE HIS PRECAUTIONS, HE MET HIS FATE THAT DAY!

WHAT'S IT MEAN... THE IDES OF MARCH?



IDEAS IS AN OLD WORD MEANING THE 15TH OF ANY MONTH! THE IDES OF MARCH MEANS THE 15TH OF MARCH!

WH-A-AAT?
N-NO! I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WHAT'S SO HARD TO BELIEVE, TONY? AND WHY ARE YOU SO PALE ALL OF A SUDDEN?

N-NOTHING! IT'S JUST THAT I REMEMBERED SOMETHING... STRANGE!

THE GREAT WAR HAD JUST BROKEN OUT IN EUROPE WHEN TONY WAS READY TO GRADUATE FROM HIGH SCHOOL...



ACTION CAME QUICKLY! WHEN AMERICAN FORCES LANDED ON THE BEACHES OF FRANCE, PRIVATE TONY BLAKE WAS IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE FIGHTING...

THE JERRIES HAVE THE WHOLE AREA ZEROED IN! SPREAD OUT WHEN WE HIT THE BEACH!

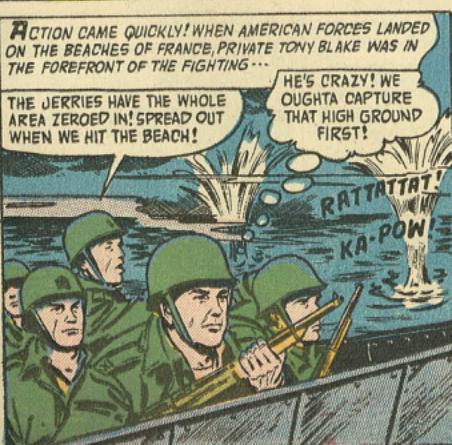
HE'S CRAZY! WE OUGHTA CAPTURE THAT HIGH GROUND FIRST!

RATTATAT!
KA-POW!

MURDEROUS ENEMY FIRE RAKED THE BEACH AND CASUALTIES WERE HEAVY...

THE LOOIE AND THE SARGE ARE DEAD!
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'RE GONNA DO!
FOLLOW ME!



LEADING THE CHARGE IN A SWIFT FLANKING MANEUVER, THE HEIGHTS WERE SOON TAKEN...

DIG IN! THERE'LL BE COUNTER MORTAR FIRE ON OUR HEADS IN A SECOND! YOU GUYS HEAR ME? I SAID...DIG IN!

SURE, TONY...
SURE!
ANYTHING
YOU SAY!

TONY LED THE PLATOON IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, AND WHEN THE ALLIED POSITION WAS CONSOLIDATED...

YOUR QUICK THINKING AND LEADERSHIP QUALITIES SAVED A BAD SITUATION! FROM NOW ON, PRIVATE BLAKE, YOU'RE A LIEUTENANT!

THANK
YOU,
SIR!



IN THE MONTHS OF HARD FIGHTING AHEAD, THE YOUNG OFFICER DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AGAIN AND AGAIN! EACH PROMOTION ONLY GAVE HIM GREATER SCOPE FOR HIS TACTICAL GENIUS...

YOU'VE PLACED YOUR ARTILLERY BRILLIANTLY, CAPTAIN BLAKE! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME AT HEADQUARTERS...AS A MAJOR?

IT'D SUIT ME FINE, COLONEL!

AS TACTICAL AND OPERATIONS OFFICER OF HIS REGIMENT, MAJOR BLAKE SOON BECAME KNOWN THROUGH THE ENTIRE ARMY CORPS! HE WAS PRESENT AT THE MAKING OF MAJOR BATTLE PLANS...

THE FULL SCALE ATTACK STARTS AT DAWN! AND QUESTIONS?

EXCUSE ME, GENERAL...BUT I THINK WE'D STAND A BETTER CHANCE IF WE USED A SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT PLAN! MIND HEARING MY IDEAS?



THE HIGH-RANKING OFFICERS LISTENED IN STUNNED AMAZEMENT TO HIS COMPLETELY NEW CONCEPTION OF ATTACK...

WELL, GENERAL, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

YOU...YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S THE MOST BRILLIANT MANEUVER I EVER HEARD OF! SON, YOU'VE GOT THE MILITARY BRAIN OF A JULIUS CAESAR!

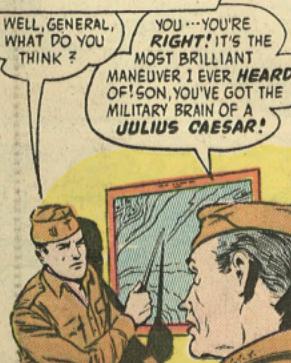
THE WORDS SEEMED TO TEAR THROUGH TONY LIKE MACHINEGUN BULLETS! HE TURNED PALE...

WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'RE AS WHITE AS A SHEET!

N-NOTHING, SIR! NOTHING AT ALL!

ABRUPTLY, HE LEFT THE ROOM...

PECULIAR FELLOW, GENIUSES DON'T YOU THINK, USUALLY ARE! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE KNOWS SO MUCH! WHY, HE'S NEVER HAD A DAY OF TRAINING IN THE FUNDAMENTALS OF TACTICS!



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Zebra-Snake Design, Reversible
 Leopard Cowhide Design, Reversible
 Split Seat \$2.98 Solid Seat \$2.98
 Set (Front & Rear) \$5.00

I enclose payment Send C.O.D.

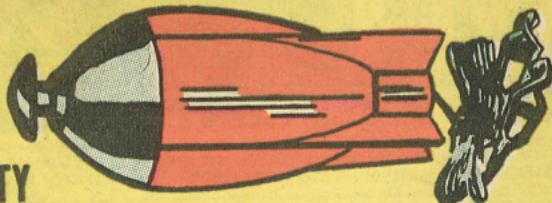
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I enclose payment. You pay postage. Send C.O.D.

IN ALL PROBABILITY, IT WAS ONLY THE Sudden END OF THE WAR WHICH PREVENTED TONY FROM BECOMING A GENERAL HIMSELF! BACK IN THE STATES...

ACCORDING TO ARMY REGULATIONS, YOU'LL NOW HAVE THE PERMANENT RANK OF CAPTAIN! BUT DON'T WORRY, YOU'VE GOT A GREAT CAREER AHEAD OF YOU!

NOT IN A PEACETIME ARMY, SIR! PROMOTIONS ARE TOO SLOW... AND THE LIFE TOO DULL!

BACK IN CHICAGO...

YOU WERE RIGHT TO GET OUTTA THE ARMY, TONY! I GOT ALL THE CONNECTIONS YOU NEED!

I'M NO PENNY-ANTE OPERATOR! LISTEN, I KNOW MORE ABOUT BATTLE TACTICS THAN ANYBODY SINCE NAPOLEON! I'M GONNA HIT THE BIG TIME!



SOON AFTERWARDS, ABOARD A SHIP HEADED FOR THE FAR EAST...

THERE ARE STILL SOME FIGHTING ARMIES IN THE WORLD, AND GOVERNMENTS THAT DON'T STAND IN THE WAY OF BORN LEADERS! WITH MY BRAINS I CAN BE AS POWERFUL AS ANY MAN IN THE WORLD!

IT TOOK MONTHS TO SLIP INTO CHINA AND CONTACT RED FORCES! BUT FINALLY...

WE'VE INVESTIGATED YOUR BACKGROUND THOROUGHLY, COMRADE BLAKE! YOUR CREDENTIALS ARE EXCELLENT, AND SINCE WE DESPERATELY NEED COMPETENT LEADERSHIP YOU WILL BE GIVEN A COMMAND IN OUR ARMY!

PUT IN CHARGE OF A RED REGIMENT, TURNCOAT TONY BLAKE ANNihilated NATIONALIST FORCES...



AFTER A SERIES OF SPECTACULAR VICTORIES, IT WAS MAO TSE TUNG HIMSELF WHO PROMOTED HIM TO GENERAL...

YOUR VALOR AND GENIUS ARE A GREAT ASSET TO OUR CAUSE!

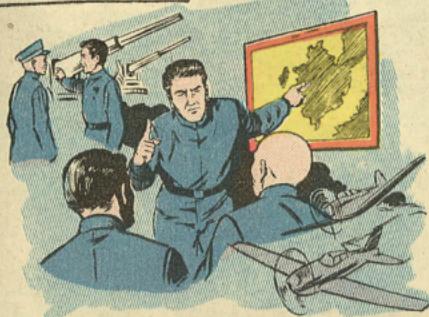
ALL THESE POLITICS GIVE ME A PAIN! ALL I WANT IS POWER... AND I'M ON THE WAY!

MEANWHILE, IN THE PENTAGON, AMERICAN OFFICERS STUDIED THE CHINESE CAMPAIGN WITH DEEP INTEREST...

RED TACTICS IN THE YANGTSE CAMPAIGN WERE BRILLIANT!



IN THE ENSUING YEARS, TRAITOR TONY BLAKE BECAME A COMMUNIST TROUBLE-SHOOTER! HE TOOK OVER RED FORCES FIGHTING IN INDO-CHINA, PUT DOWN A PEASANT REVOLT IN SOUTHERN CHINA, AND MASTER-MINDED THE RED COUNTER-ATTACK WHICH ALMOST ROUTED THE U.N. FORCES...



WHILE HE WAS RECOVERING, A CHINESE DOCTOR WAS STARTLED TO HEAR HIM MUMBLING IN HIS SLEEP...

SUM... SUM
CAESAR! SUM
CAESAR!

STRANGE... HE'S
SPEAKING **LATIN**!
AND HE'S SAYING...
"I AM CAESAR!"

GENERALISSIMO BLAKE ROSE STEADILY IN PRESTIGE, POWER AND AUTHORITY... AND WAS SOON THE OBJECT OF HEATED CONFERENCES...

BUT WE DARE
NOT LIQUIDATE
HIM! THE TROOPS
ADORE HIM...
LOOK UPON
HIM AS
DIVINE!

ALL THE MORE
REASON TO GET
RID OF HIM
WITHOUT DELAY!
HE IS **TOO**
POWERFUL... **TOO**
AMBITIOUS!

I HAVE NEVER REALLY **TRUSTED**
HIM! IS HE NOT A **FOREIGNER**?

WHY WASTE WORDS? HE
IS A THREAT TO **OUR** POWER!
HE MUST BE GOTTEN OUT OF
THE WAY **QUIETLY**... SO LET
US PLAN CAREFULLY!



THAT VERY AFTERNOON, TONY BLAKE WAS IN CHUNGKING ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS! DRIVING THROUGH ITS STREETS, HE OBEYED A SUDDEN IMPULSE...

PULL UP OVER
THERE AND WAIT
FOR ME!

IN FRONT OF
THAT TEA ROOM?
BUT... OH, VERY
WELL!



THERE WAS AN OLD LADY WHO READ TEA LEAVES... AND HE LISTENED TO THE USUAL RECITATION SKEPTICALLY! BUT THEN...

YOU HAVE **ENEMIES**, GREAT
ONE! THERE IS **DANGER** FOR
YOU ON THE MIDDLE DAY OF
NEXT MONTH... **GREAT
DANGER**!

GREAT SCOTT...
NEXT MONTH IS
MARCH! AND THE
MIDDLE DAY IS
THE **15TH**!



THERE WAS NO SLEEP FOR THE TRAITOR THAT NIGHT! HE WAS BESET BY REAL SUSPICIONS AND NAMELESS FEARS...

IT'S NOT JUST MY IMAGINATION! THE BIG SHOTS HAVE BEEN ACTING SUSPICIOUS LATELY! THEY'D RUB ME OUT LIKE A FLY...

WITH HIS USUAL DECISIVENESS, TONY ACTED SWIFTLY! THAT VERY NIGHT HE ROUSED A PILOT AT GUNPOINT AND MADE HIS BID FOR SAFETY...

BUT... BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO EUROPE... AND FAST!



TWO WEEKS LATER, IN ROME...

GOOD THING I HAD PLENTY OF LOOT STASHED AWAY IN EUROPEAN BANKS WHEN I WAS OPERATING IN CHINA! I DON'T HAVE A WORRY IN THE WORLD!

ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?



BUT IN CHINA...

BLAKE MUST NOT LIVE! SUPPOSE HE SELLS OUR PLANS TO THE WEST?

OUR ESPIONAGE REPORTS THAT HE'S IN ROME! WE MUST CONTACT OUR AGENTS THERE... THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO BE LOST!



THE FOLLOWING WEEK...

A LOVELY DAY, SIGNOR! SPRING IS IN THE AIR!

I'M NOT LEAVING MY ROOM TODAY, PIETRO! SEND ME UP A STACK OF PAPERS TO READ!



STRANGE THAT ON SUCH A LOVELY DAY, HE FELT AN ABSOLUTE TERROR OF GOING OUT OF DOORS...

IT'S MARCH 15TH... AND THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN BAD LUCK TO ME! NO SENSE TEMPTING FATE!



HE PACED HIS ROOM LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL TILL LONG AFTER DARKNESS HAD FALLEN! HE HAPPENED TO BE GLANCING OUT THE WINDOW WHEN...

KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING!

THOSE MEN... THERE'S SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT 'EM!



TAKING NO CHANCES TONY SLIPPED UP THE STAIRWAY AND WAITED...

THIS IS HIS ROOM! CAREFUL, HE'S DANGEROUS!

GREAT GUNS... I WAS RIGHT! I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!



AS THE ASSASSINS BURST INTO HIS EMPTY ROOM, TONY DASHED FRANTICALLY DOWN THE STAIRS, THROUGH THE HOTEL LOBBY, AND INTO THE STREET...



THE DARK HULK OF THE ANCIENT COLOSSEUM LOODED NEARBY! HERE, WHERE THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME HAD KNOWN ITS FULL GLORY, THE FLEEING TRAITOR SOUGHT SAFETY...

HE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

THEY CAN'T SEE ME... I'M SAFE!



SAFE... WERE IT NOT FOR THAT SUDDEN SNEEZE!

AAA-CHOO!



PURSUED THROUGH THE DARKENED STREETS OF ROME, NO PLACE SEEMED SAFE! FOOTSTEPS WERE ALWAYS NOT FAR BEHIND, AND HE DARED NOT REST...

THOSE OLD RUINS... I'LL HIDE DOWN THERE! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME!

THERE HE IS!



THE ANGRY BEAMS OF FLASHLIGHTS ILLUMINATED HIM IN THE DARKNESS! MOMENTARILY BLINDED, HE COULD STILL SEE THE WEAPONS GLISTENING IN THE HANDS OF THE ASSASSINS...

NO! NO! DON'T...



THERE WAS A SHARP VOLLEY OF GUNFIRE, THE SOUND OF FLEEING FEET--AND THEN ALL WAS SILENCE AMONG THE ANCIENT RUINS! NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE OF ROME FOUND AN UNIDENTIFIED BODY...

CAN'T TELL WHO HE IS! JUST A THUG, I GUESS!

LOOKS LIKE A GANG KILLING! INTERESTING, ISN'T IT?--THE GUIDEBOOKS SAY THIS IS THE VERY SPOT WHERE CAESAR WAS ASSASSINATED 2,000 YEARS AGO!



YOU DON'T SAY! THAT IS INTERESTING, BECAUSE YESTERDAY WAS MARCH 15TH--THE IDES OF MARCH!

LIFE'S AWFULLY FUNNY WHEN IT COMES TO THESE COINCIDENCES! WHY, YOU MIGHT SAY THAT THIS MAN EVEN LOOKS A LITTLE BIT LIKE CAESAR!



EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

IT'S mail-time again! Time to dip into the mailbags and select representative letters from readers of "Adventures Into The Unknown". We present these items to you in order to set forth a cross-section of public opinion on this, yours and our magazine. Some of it is good, for which we're happy...but

some will indicate, possibly, that you can't please everyone! We want to know that, too, so that if we have gone astray, we can correct our endeavors. So let's hear from you, too! Send your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

"Dear Editor:-

I've got the biggest collection of comics in Little Rock, and I think I've read every good one during the last five years. I'd say 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the best by far, because what other book would publish such a wonderful story as 'I Keep Dreaming Of Grandpa'! Keep anywhere near that stand...and I'm a reader for life!

...Barnet Hollis, Little Rock, Ark."

A lot of fans are casting their votes for that one, Barnet...and we're in full agreement! And we're going to keep on trying to bring you yarns of just that calibre!

"Dear Editor:-

In your June issue, you ran a story called 'The House on Magnolia Street' which I thought was simply great. My cousin asked me to explain it to him, and I found I couldn't. What I want to know is, am I crazy to like a plot I can't fully understand? But whether I am or not, 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is still tops on my list!

...Betty Jean Perotti, Springfield, Mass."

You're as sane as can be, Betty! Most people would be at a loss if you asked them to explain every detail of the plots of our leading movies and television programs. The test is...did the story make sense? Was it tense and gripping? If it passes on these scores, you're well ahead of the game!

"Dear Editor:-

I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You start the April issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown' with a swell story like 'I Keep Dreaming of Grandpa' and then you ruin the rest of the magazine with duds like 'The Genius' and 'The Sumatran Seed'. Didn't you ever hear of being consistent?

...Leo Killian, Tuscaloosa, Ala."

We don't agree that those last two were duds, Leo, even though we do most certainly admit that their quality wasn't consistent with that of 'Grandpa'. If you can make every story live up to that one we'll gladly hand our job over to you... you'd deserve it!

"Dear Editor:-

For a long time, 'Adventures Into The Unknown' has been my favorite mag, but now I've got a gripe. I'm talking about your covers, which are misleading. They're exciting and make you want to read the story they illustrate, but when I turn to it, I often find the story different than what I'd been led to expect. How come?

...August Henline, Chicago, Ill."

We try to illustrate the spirit of a story, August, and you'll find that the cover never departs from it. Our covers are mighty important to us, and we work hard to produce a thrilling and challenging product. If any of our other readers objects to our handling in this department, we'd like to hear from them!

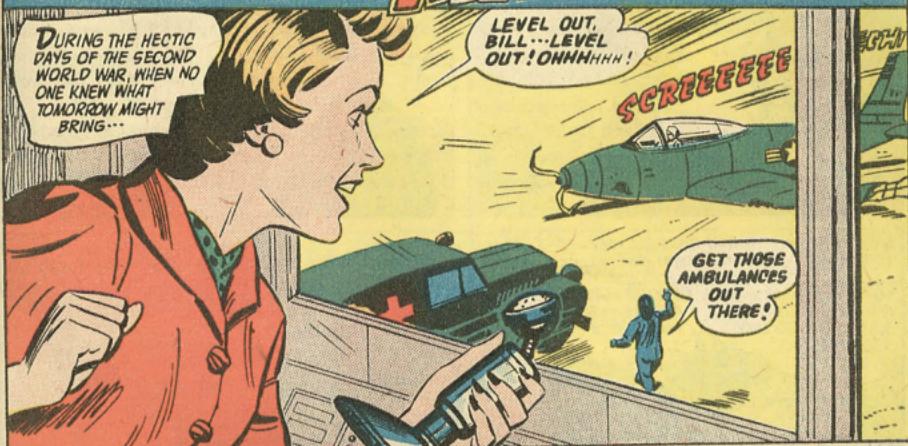
"Dear Editor:-

All my friends are still talking about 'The Enchanted Toolshed', in a recent issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. They're all crazy about it. I thought it was a fine story, too, and your magazine is always tops. The only objection I have is that it was humorous, which I don't think belongs in a magazine of this type. I'll bet you'll find that a lot of people agree with me!

...F. S. Goodman, Philadelphia, Pa."

What's wrong with a story having a humorous twist, as long as it packs the other necessary ingredients of action, excitement, suspense? We feel that it adds a fine touch of human interest. In addition, such a yarn helps give a magazine balance. Look at the other stories in this issue, such as 'The Deserted City' and 'The Gypsies'. Those were grim enough for anyone!

The SECOND MRS. MANION!



HE WAS CAPTAIN BILL MANION, OF THE U.S. AIR CORPS BASED IN ENGLAND...AND SHE WAS LADY CYNTHIA CONWAY, DAUGHTER OF ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST ARISTOCRATIC FAMILIES...

I...I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET OUT OF THAT CRASH ALIVE!

THAT WAS NOTHING, HONEY. YOU MUSTN'T BE SO NERVOUS!

IT HAD BEEN AN INTENSELY POWERFUL LOVE ON BOTH SIDES FROM THE BEGINNING, AND OBSTACLES ONLY STRENGTHENED IT...

MY OWN SISTER... ROMANCING WITH A... A COMMONER!

I DON'T CARE ABOUT HIS WEALTH OR POSITION... I LOVE HIM!

BUT YOU ADMIT HE WORKS IN A FILLING STATION IN THE UNITED STATES! CYNTHIA, THINK OF OUR FAMILY HONOR! I ABSOLUTELY FORBID THIS MATCH!

PLEASE, ALFRED... BE REASONABLE!

IN A GIRL BROUGHT UP LIKE CYNTHIA, SOCIAL TRADITIONS WERE VERY STRONG! WHEN THE WAR ENDED...

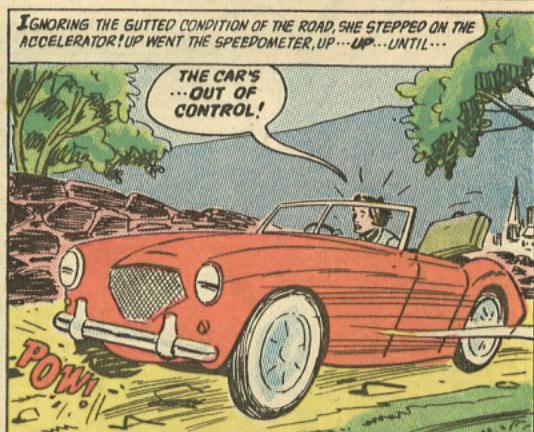
I DON'T GET IT, HONEY... YOU ACT SCARED OF YOUR BROTHER! I'LL BE GOING HOME SOON, AND I'M ASKING YOU TO GO WITH ME!

YOU KNOW I WANT TO, DARLING... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME TIME TO WIN ALFRED'S APPROVAL!

WEEKS PASSED, AND AT LAST THE DECISION COULD BE PUT OFF NO LONGER...

IT'S NOW OR NEVER, CYNTHIA! AT 7:30 SUNDAY NIGHT I'M TAKING THE BOAT TRAIN FROM PICADILLY STATION! IF YOU LOVE ME YOU'LL BE THERE! IF YOU'RE NOT... WELL, I'LL TRY TO FORGET YOU!

OH, BILL, BILL... I NEED MORE TIME!



CYNTHIA AT LAST REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS...BUT NEVER FULL CONTROL OF HER FACULTIES! WEEKS LATER SHE WAS STILL DAZED, AND HER EYES HAD A PERPETUALLY VACANT STARE...

DO YOU KNOW YOUR NAME? DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE?

I AM MRS. BILL MANION! I AM...LIVING IN...KANSAS!

YOUR SISTER IS SUFFERING FROM A SYSTEMATIC DELUSION! SHE THINKS SHE IS THE WIFE OF THE MAN SHE LOVED...BECAUSE SHE WANTS TO THINK THAT!

THE MONTHS PASSED SLOWLY, WITH NO SIGN OF IMPROVEMENT...

BILL AND I...WE'RE LIVING IN A LITTLE FRAME HOUSE! WE'RE...VERY POOR...BUT...HAPPY...VERY MUCH IN LOVE...

POOR THING! I'M BEGINNING TO FEAR THIS CASE IS...INCURABLE!



A YEAR CAME AND WENT...AND ANOTHER...AND STILL ANOTHER...

YOUR DELUSION GROWS MORE ELABORATE EVERY DAY! SHE THINKS SHE HAS TWO CHILDREN NOW...AND THAT HER HUSBAND IS COMING UP IN THE WORLD!

TYPICAL PATTERN! ONE STRANGE THING, THOUGH...WHEN SHE SPOKE ABOUT THOSE FLOODS IN KANSAS LAST MONTH, IT ACTUALLY HAPPENED! AND YET I'M SURE SHE DIDN'T SEE A NEWSPAPER!

AT THE END OF FIVE YEARS, CYNTHIA WAS ALMOST A FORGOTTEN PATIENT IN THE SANITORIUM! AND THEN, INEXPICABLY, SHE FELL INTO ANOTHER DEEP COMA...



THE END WAS EXPECTED AT ANY MOMENT, WHEN A REMARKABLE THING HAPPENED...

I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE MY WIFE IS HERE...MRS. BILL MANION! I HAVE A RATHER MYSTERIOUS LETTER FROM HER...

WE HAVE NO SUCH PATIENT HERE!...WAIT, I'LL ASK THE HEAD DOCTOR!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

YOU SAY MRS. MANION...YOUR WIFE...IS HERE?

WHEN I GOT BACK TO MY HOTEL THIS AFTERNOON I FOUND THIS LETTER FROM HER...SAYING I'D FIND HER HERE! BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY!



THE DOCTOR EXAMINED BILL'S LETTER! HIS FINGERS TWITCHED NERVOUSLY, AND HIS EYES OPENED WIDE WITH AMAZEMENT WHEN HE SAW THAT THIS WAS UNQUESTIONABLY THE HANDWRITING OF HIS COMATOSE PATIENT...

PLEASE, MR. MANION...WOULD YOU TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY OF YOUR MARRIAGE? IT'S CRUCIALLY IMPORTANT!

WELL...I DON'T SEE WHY NOT...BUT WHAT'S THE BIG MYSTERY?



BILL TOLD HIS STORY... HOW FIVE YEARS BEFORE, HE HAD WAITED FORLORNLY IN PICADILLY STATION WHEN SUDDENLY...



HE TOLD HOW THEY'D BEEN MARRIED, MOVED TO A LITTLE FRAME HOUSE IN KANSAS...



BILL'S STORY WAS AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE SUPPOSED FANTASY OF THE MENTALLY ILL PATIENT! THE DOCTOR LISTENED AGHAST...



I GOT LOADS OF THEM, DOCTOR! THERE'S US WHEN WE WERE MARRIED... WITH THE KIDS... AND SO FORTH! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

IT... IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! COME WITH ME, MR. MANION... IMMEDIATELY!



QUICKLY HE SHOWED BILL INTO THE PATIENT'S ROOM...

IS THAT... YOUR WIFE?

GREAT SCOTT! CYNTHIA! WHAT HAPPENED?



AT THE TOUCH OF BILL'S HAND, THE PATIENT SUDDENLY OPENED HER EYES, LOOKED AROUND IN CONFUSION...

NO SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION WAS EVER PROVIDED FOR THE AMAZING EVENTS. OUTSIDERS SAID IT WAS ALL A HOAX, DESPITE THE EVIDENCE...

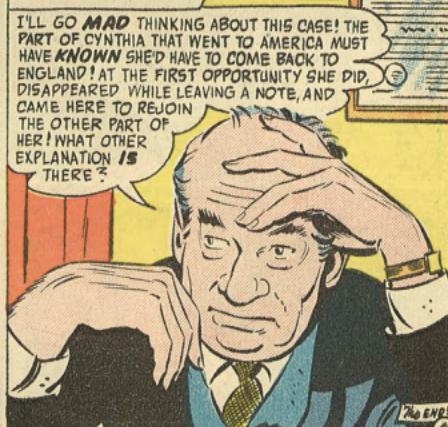
AN IMMEDIATE EXAMINATION PROVED THE PATIENT PERFECTLY NORMAL IN EVERY WAY, AND WHEN THE DOCTOR TRIED TO UNRavel THE INCREDIBLE EVENTS...

COULD... COULD IT BE THAT THERE WERE TWO CYNTHIAS? ONE BROUGHT UNCONSCIOUS TO THE HOSPITAL AFTER HER AUTO ACCIDENT... AND A DUPLICATE, AN ALTER EGO THAT JOINED YOU AT THE STATION, BROUGHT INTO BEING BY THE FIERCENESS OF HER WILL TO BE WITH YOU!

THAT'S CRAZY, DOCTOR... ANYWAY, I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!



I'LL GO MAD THINKING ABOUT THIS CASE! THE PART OF CYNTHIA THAT WENT TO AMERICA MUST HAVE KNOWN SHE'D HAVE TO COME BACK TO ENGLAND! AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY SHE DID, DISAPPEARED WHILE LEAVING A NOTE, AND CAME HERE TO REJOIN THE OTHER PART OF HER! WHAT OTHER EXPLANATION IS THERE?



What's BEHIND that SUPERSTITION?

**NO. 1
The BROKEN
MIRROR**

AT THE INSTITUTE OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH...
DR. ORIN BLAKELY, CURATOR, SPEAKS...

WE HERE HAVE MADE A CLOSE STUDY
OF THE **COMMON SUPERSTITIONS**,
AND WE'RE GLAD TO PASS ON ANY
INFORMATION WE HAVE TO INTERESTED
PARTIES! TO BEGIN WITH, LET'S
TAKE THE CASE OF THE
BROKEN MIRROR!

"**ACCORDING TO ONE BELIEF, THE SUPERSTITION
STARTED WITH A FAVORITE HAND MIRROR, OWNED
BY KING OTTO OF BADEN IN 1374...**"

"**LET THESE BE THE
SIGNS OF MY REGAL
OFFICE... MY SCEPTRE
AND MY MIRROR!**"

"**HERMAN, HIS YOUNGER BROTHER, COVETED THE MIRROR,
BELIEVING IT POSSESSED OF MYSTIC POWERS! AND SO,
ONE NIGHT, HE CRESTED INTO THE RULER'S CHAMBER...**"

"BUT IT SLIPPED FROM HIS GRASP, SHATTERING UPON THE FLOOR---AND AWAKENING THE KING!"

WHAT HO... GUARDS! SEIZE ME THIS INTRUDER!

SMASH!

"AND AS THE MISCREANT WENT TOWARDS HIS DOOM..."

PERHAPS THE MIRROR, WHOLE, MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT HERMAN HIS HEART'S DESIRE! BUT BROKEN...IT WAS BAD LUCK FOR HIM!



"THERE'S ANOTHER VERSION OF THE BROKEN MIRROR SUPERSTITION! IN ANCIENT DAYS, PRISONERS OF THE INQUISITION HAD TO GO THROUGH MANY TESTS TO PROVE THEIR INNOCENCE! THERE WAS THE DREAD ORDEAL BY FIRE...."



"BUT OCCASIONALLY, THERE WERE STOICS WHO ENDURED THE ORDEAL! FOR THESE, THERE WAS YET ANOTHER 'TEST'..."

GAZE INTO THIS GLASS! IF GUILTY, IT WILL REFLECT BACK YOUR FACE! BUT IF YOU COMMITTED NO CRIME, THE MIRROR WILL REMAIN BLANK!



"NO...NO! THE GLASS LIES! I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU... INNOCENT!"

"NOW THE MIRROR WOULD BE HANDED BACK TO THE JUDGE, WHO---IN A SYMBOLIC GESTURE---"



"EITHER OF THESE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE SOURCE OF THE SUPERSTITION! OR ELSE, IT MIGHT EVEN HAVE BEEN SOMETHING AS SIMPLE AS THIS..."

I BROKE THE GLASS... AND WHEN I TRIED TO PICK UP THE PIECES, MY FINGER WAS CUT... IT WAS INDEED BAD LUCK!



"SO THERE YOU ARE...BUT IF YOU THINK A BROKEN MIRROR'S GOT TO BE BAD LUCK, THEN LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO PFC AL BARRONE! IT WAS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, DURING THE LATE WAR..."

"YOU KNOW WE DON'T WANT TO BE TROUBLED BY PRISONERS! LEAVE HIM HERE UNTIL AFTER I'VE LEFT THE SECTOR, AND THEN... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!"

"AND SO, SECURELY BOUND, HE WAS, LEFT IN THE HUT... AWAITING HIS INEVITABLE DOOM..."

"NO USE...CAN'T BREAK THESE ROPEs! IF ONLY... THEY HADN'T TAKEN MY KNIFE AWAY..."



"HE KNEW THE JAPS WOULD RETURN ANY MOMENT...AND THAT WOULD MEAN THE END! AND THEN HIS EYES LIT ON SOMETHING...AND AN IDEA FLASHED THROUGH HIS MIND..."

"HEY... A MIRROR! THERE MAY BE A CHANCE YET!"



"THEY'LL BE BACK ANY SECOND! IF ONLY THERE'S TIME ENOUGH TO GET TO THAT TOMMY-GUN THAT'S STANDING OVER THERE AGAINST THE WALL..."

"HE MADE IT...JUST IN TIME! THAT'S HOW PFC AL BARRONE ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE..."



"YOU'VE SEEN, NOW, THE SORT OF THING THAT LIES BEHIND THE BROKEN MIRROR SUPERSTITION! DO YOU BELIEVE IN IT, OR NOT? ALL I CAN SAY IS... IT'S UP TO YOU!"



An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer"

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